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or characters are represented with a general truthfulness which shows that, although hastily written, the play has been carefully rehearsed.

Taken altogether, however, "Griffith Gaunt" can hardly be termed a success, and although for the sake of Messrs. Smith and Baker, who have labored well and earnestly for the public amusement, I sincerely wish it may become, so I greatly fear it will not. *Nous verrons.*

Mr. Chas. Dillon's engagement at the Broadway Theatre has proved a decided success, the gentleman's efforts in the "legitimate" line proving fully equal, if not superior, to his celebrated personation of Belphegor, the only part by which he has heretofore been known to New York audiences. Mr. Dillon's style is truthful and natural; he does not indulge in the ultraisms of the colloquial school, but uses it judiciously, thereby striking a happy medium, which renders his acting enjoyable to a high degree. I have seen Mr. Dillon's performance of "Othello," "Belphegor," and "Louis XI," and in all the true artist stands prominently forward. His "Louis XI" is the finest, and his "Othello" is the poorest personation he has yet given us. In the latter there is too much evident elaboration and straining after effect, which stands out in strong contrast to the admirable Iago of Mr. J. W. Lanergan, a performance which carried the whole house by storm by its power and truth to nature. Some allowance must be made for Mr. Dillon, however, from the fact that he has been laboring under a severe cold since his arrival in New York, which displayed itself very often throughout the performance, giving to his voice a huskiness which marred many of the finest passages of the play. Mr. Dillon's "Louis XI" and "Belphegor" are both masterpieces of art. In the first he compares favorably with Chas. Kean (the greatest representative of the part now living), using almost all of that gentleman's "business," and introducing new "business" of his own, which is equally powerful and dramatic. From the rise to the fall of the curtain Mr. Dillon thoroughly imbues himself with the spirit of the part he is representing, and his power in this respect is fully exemplified in "Louis XI," wherein we are made alternately to shiver and smile at the cold blooded villainy and cunning hypocrisy of the wicked old monarch. Mr. Dillon is also, a thoroughly sympathetic actor, and carries the feelings of the audience along with him to a greater extent than many of the actors of the present day can boast of, thereby displaying himself to be a thoroughly great actor; for an actor to be sympathetic must be great. Ranting, mouthing, attitudinizing and exaggeration may split and delight the ears of the groundlings, but to the true lover of the drama, Mr. Dillon represents a school which renders the stage a school-room for the mind, rather than a show-shop to catch the fancy. Let us hope that this school will gain ground; it is the true, the only, school of acting which can ever become truly satisfactory to the thoughtful mind, and will, if persevered in, raise the drama to the position to which it properly belongs, but from which it has been remorselessly hurled by many so-called tragedians, and would-be sensational actors.

But I have run on so, on this my favorite hobby, that there is no space left for a thorough re-

view of the revivals at Wallack's—"The Rivals," produced last week, and the "Double Gallant" this. They are well-worn subjects, however, and it is hardly necessary to say more than that they have been both played in that admirable style which always characterizes the performance of the old comedies by Mr. Wallack's thoroughly excellent company.

SHUGGE.

For the American Art Journal.

DRIFTING.

Drifting out into the moonlight,
Heeding no longer the oars—
Hearing no longer the ripples
That break on the fast-fading shores.

Out from the land shade to brightness,
Out from the land cares to peace,
Till we glide from the world into glory
And float o'er a broad golden fleece.

Softly the leaves of the lilies
Tap on the boat, as we go;
And faint o'er the water is wafted
The loon's mournful cry, sad and low.

See how the lily leaves sparkle;
Jewels they seem in this sheen:
See the bright stars, like their setting,
Flash from below and between!

Sometimes this rapture of moonlight
Brings me a long yearning pain;
But to-night, with the glory—a mantle
Of Peace o'er my spirit is lain!

If through this pathway refulgent,
Heaven should break on our eyes—
Scarce could it add to the present,
Scarcely awaken surprise!

Ah! to float on thus forever—
Or in that group to the West,
Mooring our bark by the moonlight,
Find them the Isles of the Blest?

ART JOURNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Oct. 25, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:

The musical world has been so barren of all that is interesting, that I really have not had the courage to make up a letter to you, which at the best could not be filled with anything but commonplace affairs—and even now matters are, musically speaking, very flat, the only circumstance of note which has occurred being the re-entree of Adelina Patti, who appeared in "Sonnambula" on the night of Oct. 2d, to a house crowded from pit to dome, the receipts exceeding 20,000 francs—judging from that night Adelina certainly has not yet reached the zenith of her popularity. On the 4th Mme. Lagrua made her debut as "Norma"

with fine success. She is a fine artist; but being quite *passeè*, her voice lacks power in those parts where force is required. Her acting, however, is superb, and she sings with much style and finish. The debut was a complete success. Patti made her second appearance in "Sonnambula" on the evening of the 6th, with her usual triumph. I am sure you would be surprised to witness the immense strides she has made since leaving America. Her voice is at least double in strength and volume, while her singing is wonderful. To me, she is more than perfect; her intonation being exact, accompanied with a clock-like precision of time; while her execution is something surprising. A circumstance has lately occurred with her which I believe is the first during her European career. On the night of the 11th she was announced to appear in "Crispino"—the doors were besieged by persons anxious for admittance, but were met with the announcement that *Patti was indisposed (and Lagrua also)*, therefore no opera would be given. To those who had previously procured tickets the money was returned. The facts were that Adelina had taken a severe cold while riding in the Bois de Boulogne, and Lagrua had also contracted a similar malady. The physicians would not grant Patti a clean bill of health until tomorrow evening the 16th, when "Crispino" is to be given *sure*. I am certain the Theatre will be jammed.

Great preparations are making here for the giving of Italian opera during the Exposition. There will be two companies; one at the "Italiens" and the other at I do not exactly know where. Are you not coming over?

Mrs. Van Zandt is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera's of Warsaw and St. Petersburg for six months from the 1st of November, and leaves here on Thursday next, the 28th for our destinations. She had an offer for three years but would not accept for more than six months at a time. The company is composed partly of Mme. Trebelli, the famous Contralto from Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and Signor Ciampi, the renowned basso from Covent Garden, London, &c., &c. Mrs. Van Zandt debuts in "Lucia," and afterwards sings "Marguerita" in Faust with Mme. Trebelli as Siebel.

Morensi has gone to Barcelona for three months, while Carozzi-Zucchi, Amodia, the baritone, and sundry other persons who were engaged by Mr. Grau, are remaining here "disponible."

VIATOR.

ART MATTERS.

The Artist's Fund Society threw open the doors of the Academy on Thursday last for their Seventh Annual Exhibition. The Artist's Fund Society is an excellent institution and deserves all encouragement at the hands of the picture buying community; added to this, it is composed of some of the most distinguished painters of the country, and the annual exhibitions are uniformly excellent and praiseworthy. The present exhibition is acknowledged on all hands to be superior to any of the preceding ones and its interest is not a little added to by the large display of water color paintings. Water color is among the neglected arts of this country, and the Artist's Fund Soci-

ety are deserving of great praise for having brought it so prominently forward in the present exhibition, having devoted one entire room and one-half of the corridor to the works of native and foreign water color artists. 'Tis true our native artists do not stand so prominently forward as one might have wished, but we must remember that while in England and France there are regularly organized and powerful water color societies, to which belong some of the greatest artists of the day, and which afford every possible encouragement to this particular branch of art, in America we have no such thing, but on the contrary, the path of the water colorist is full of obstacles, his pictures being, as a general thing, hung in dark corners, while the picture buyer passes them by with scarcely, or at most a hurried glance. Let us hope that the Artist's Fund Society have made the first step towards a long wished for reform.

The two first pictures that strike one on entering the Academy walls are "Queen Elizabeth going to St. Paul's after the defeat of the Spanish Armada," and "The Cartoon Gallery, Knowle's Park, Kent," both by Joseph Nash, an English water colorist of considerable celebrity. Mr. Nash's style is characterized by a great freedom of handling and a brilliancy of color which is almost dazzling. This is particularly noticeable in his Queen Elizabeth, in which the gay costumes of the courtiers afford him an ample opportunity for richness and brilliancy. Mr. Nash fails however in his painting of faces, which are too chalky and flat to be at all lifelike. Aside from this, he may be considered a distinguished representative of English water colorists.

"Vieux Rouen," by Paul Marny. The great beauty of Marny's style lies in his extreme quietness and the low tone of his coloring, by which he manages by a series of brown and grey washes to procure a strong effect which is perfectly exquisite. His "Vieux Rouen" is a fine specimen of this style and demands notice and commendation for its many good points of drawing and effect.

"Sketch," by T. Sully. Noticeable more as a curiosity than as a work of art. The "Sketch" is a portrait of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and although, as a matter of course, full of good colors and drawing, calls for but little notice from the hands of a modern critic. Such pictures are both valuable and interesting to the antiquary, but we live in a go-ahead age and modern art can receive but little benefit if modern critics dive in the musty past for subjects for the critical pen.

"The Peace Offering" by Mrs. E. Murray. Here is one of Mrs. Murray's grand pictures! How her work towers above the head of all others! What a richness of coloring and delicacy of detail runs through it all! Mrs. Murray is, par excellence, the greatest water-colorist of the day, there is a richness and depth of tone in all her color which seem to be beyond the reach of all others in the same branch of art, while the delicacy of her finish is simply wonderful. Mrs. Murray has many pictures in the present exhibition, most of which are but sketches, and in many cases of the vaguest kind, but in all we can trace the motives of great pictures, while, sketches as they are, they overshadow the finished work of other

painters who, albeit they may be great artists, have not reached the high pinnacle to which Mrs. Murray has attained.

"Looking for Fish," by Gilbert Burling. A breezy, bustling marine, full of atmosphere and good color.

"Water Color Landscape," by David Cox. Cox has been called the "Father of Water Color," but the present picture shows but few points of merit, it is hard and coarse in handling, while the color is exceedingly crude and disagreeable.

"Sketch from Nature," by J. M. W. Turner. This is one of Turner's almost boyish works and displays but few of the characteristics of the man who in after years became one of the greatest painters of modern times.

"Castle Rock, Nahant," by William Craig. Mr. Craig has several pictures in the Artist's Fund Exhibition, but it is impossible to conscientiously praise them; there is a certain hardness and crudeness of color running through this gentleman's work which makes it anything but agreeable.

"A Stiff Breeze," by A. Montague. A very cleverly painted marine, Mr. Montague has caught the action of the water admirably.

"Mary and her Lamb," by J. C. Thom. One of Mr. Thom's rare conceits, soft and sweet in color and delicate in execution.

"Still Life," by Gilbert Burling. This is one of the best native water colors in the exhibition; the birds are feathery, and the bottles, glasses, grapes, &c., are truthfully painted; the background is perhaps a little crude and forced in color, but this is not sufficiently noticeable to detract from the general excellence of the work. It is very evident that Mr. Burling does not belong to the "ring"—for there are "rings" artistic, as well as "rings" political—as his picture is hung at a most uncomfortable altitude. This is hardly fair, for although professional jealousy is an all absorbing feeling it should not deter artists from according merit where it is due.

"Pine Tree at Catskill," by C. H. Moore. Here is a water color of the extreme ultra pre-Raphaelite school, hard, crude, colorless and in every way unsatisfactory. Why is it that these artistic bigots will persevere in their efforts to so painfully distort and belittle poor Dame Nature?

"Albanian Bay," by Miss Oakley. A rich piece of colour, well and carefully painted.

"Elves," by E. Steinbruck. This picture is familiar to all frequenters of the old Dusseldorf Gallery. It is a most exquisite work and fully deserves all the praise that has been lavished upon it.

"Narragansett Pier," by Robert Weir, is a well painted marine. The dash of the waves against the rocks of the old pier is excellent in action and feeling.

"Landscape," by Lambinet. There are many specimens of Lambinet's work in this country, but this is among the worst; it is evidently one of his early efforts.

"Allegro and Penseroso," by J. G. Brown. An intensely comic little pair of pictures, the subject being the smoking of the first cigar by a bright little youngster and the utter misery of the after effects.

I would fain linger over the Artist's Fund Society exhibition but there are other matters which

demand attention and a further notice must be postponed until next week.

The Leeds' Art Gallery was formally opened on Saturday evening of last week and fully realized all that had been prominent in its favor. It is well arranged, elegant in its appointments, and the light is well and equally distributed. For one reason I am glad, and for another sorry, that this gallery has been established. The more art galleries we have among us the greater the interest that will be excited in art, but on the other hand there are too many of these galleries and sale-rooms devoted to the exhibition and sale of foreign works of art. Judging from the opening collection of pictures of the Leeds' Gallery, it is to belong to this class, as almost all the pictures, with a few trifling exceptions, are those of foreign artists. Now no one will deny that there are as great, and perhaps greater, artists on the other side of the water than we have here, but art is young in this country and should be petted and indulged like a spoiled child by all lovers of native institutions, and it is not the right way to go to work to bring about "this consummation devoutly to be wished," by patronizing and frequenting these foreign picture galleries. Let the picture dealers see that we are not all "shoddy" and "petroleum" and consider no work of art of any merit unless it has a foreign name attached to it, but let them rather learn that we are with one mind determined to support and encourage native art and artists, and while we may justly admire the works of foreigners we will purchase and hang on our walls the products of American painters. It is almost hoping against hope however to expect that we shall ever arrive at such a blissful state so long as parvenues and uneducated "petroleumites" hold their present position in society, and until this class of ignorami have passed away from their present stations native art must languish and native artists must paint on in hopes of the happy day that must, and undoubtedly will, come.

Mr. Leeds has gathered together a fine collection of pictures, however, and it is impossible in a spirit of justice, not to accord to them all praise. One of the best pictures in the collection is Couturier's "Farm Yard." As a painter of birds, Couturier is almost unsurpassed, there is a certain naturalness and feathery feeling about them which few other artists seem to be capable of obtaining, hence his works are at all times enjoyable.

"Rabbits at Blind Man's Buff," by T. Taylor, is an exquisitely painted and extremely comic picture much after the style of Beard. The rabbits are natural in action and finely painted, while there is a spirit of humor running through the whole picture which is exquisitely droll.

"Mount St. Michael; Coast of Normandy," by G. W. Nicolson is an extremely beautiful landscape, full of cool, pearly greys which much resemble those of Kensett, lacking however the sweet color of our own great landscape painter. Space forbids that I should go farther into detail regarding the pictures at Leeds' Gallery; suffice it to say that there are specimens of Couturier, Lanfant de Metz, Herring, Geo. Inness, Toussaint, Stanfield, Achenback, Horace Vernet and a host of others too numerous to mention, and that the gallery is open daily, admission free.

MacDonald has just finished, in the clay, a fine portrait bust of the late John Van Buren, which, both as a portrait and a piece of sculpture, is exceedingly fine. Mr. MacDonald has been obliged to work altogether from photographs and it is almost astonishing that he should have succeeded so admirably in catching the expression and character of the deceased statesman, bringing him back to us "in his habits as he lived" with startling reality. The bust has been purchased by the Manhattan Club and will ornament their spacious rooms in the Fifth Avenue. As a sculptor of portrait busts Mr. MacDonald is almost without a rival, and this, his last work, is fully up, if not superior to, any of his former efforts.

Hows has just returned from the Adirondacks, bringing with him many sketches in pencil of that grand region. For delicacy of touch and exquisiteness of detail, Mr. Hows ranks high among American artists, and his last sketches are not one whit behind his former efforts. Mr. Hows also has under way a picture of the Lower Ausable Lake which is noticeable for its fine, warm coloring and the truthfulness with which the effect of haziness and mystery, characterizing the late Autumn, is rendered.

PALETTA.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID OF BERKSHIRE.

[Suggested by an article published in "Harper's Magazine," entitled "The Little Black Dogs of Berkshire."]

There went among the Berkshire Hills,
To sniff the mountain air,
A comely maiden, not too young,
Yet still uncommon fair.

With peaceful mind and innocent,
She went the hills among;
While by her side, from ribbon blue,
Her tuneful lute was hung.

Ah, hapless maid! ah, luckless day!
When e'er the town you left;
For among the Berkshire Hills you went
To be of sense bereft!

It chanced among the Berkshire Hills,
There sojourned five small dogs,
Who acted on this maiden's joy,
As five incessant clogs.

They tore her shawl, they mussed her hair,
They spoiled her Sabbath dress,
And the maiden looked these dogs upon
With aught but tenderness.

But when the dogs had spoiled her dress,
And torn it stripe by stripe,
She found a greater horror still—
She found a *meerschau pipe*!

"Oh horror! grief and misery!"
She cried in accents sad,
"To think that here I've found a pipe—
It really is too bad!"

"I thought among the Berkshire Hills
Such things were never seen,
And young men did not kill themselves,
With dreadful nicotine."

"For 'tis a well-established fact,
That many youths do die,
From smoking too extensively
Of 'short cut' and 'bird's eye.'"

"Besides there's one thing very sure,
Without the slightest doubt,
I'll incontinently perish
If these pipes are not put out."

"A brilliant thought—I'll raise my voice
In protest loud and strong,
And when 'these men' behold my tears
They'll not resist me long."

She raised her protest—hapless maid!
But men are heartless things,
And the Indian cloudlets still went up
In blue transparent rings.

"Another brilliant thought," she cried,
"I have them now, I ween,
I will abuse them, one and all,
In 'Harper's Magazine!'"

SHUGGE.

ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *New Orleans Picayune* gives the following account of the first appearance of the Ghioni and Susini Italian Opera Company at the St. Charles Theatre on the 5th inst.:

"The musical elite and lovers of the opera in New Orleans did themselves great credit last evening. Very nearly three thousand people, chosen from the best circles of our resident population, assembled at the St. Charles Theatre to welcome the Ghioni and Susini troupe, brought here under the leadership of Mr. Max Strakosch, one of our most experienced and accomplished empresarios. The St. Charles is capable of seating as large a number of people as the New Opera House, and, on account of its arrangement, far more comfortably and elegantly. The dress circle of the St. Charles, last evening, though of far greater dimensions, reminded us of the elegant audiences that used to assemble at the Opera House in olden times. Both sexes appeared in full dress, as became the occasion, and the audience was one of the most brilliant and recherché we have ever seen in New Orleans. The parquette was as full as it could hold, not a seat, even under the galleries, being left vacant. In the dress circle proper, all the chairs and sofas were occupied, and many new seats in the passage ways had to be provided. The boxes were full, also, and the second and third tiers, so far as we could see. It was certainly the finest audience, in every respect, that has assembled in New Orleans this season, and, best of all, showed of what elegance and refinement the Crescent City is capable.

"This new opera troupe is composed of seventy-five first class artists. Last night they all appeared well in 'Il Trovatore,' and were called out and frequently applauded. It was a grand array of talent, such as we can scarcely expect to see, and therefore it is difficult to single out any individual member for particular mention. It was very clear, however, from his first appearance to his grand triumph in the third act, that Signor Irre had made a conquest. He was, indeed, at the end of the first act, called out with M^{me} Ghioni and Marra, to receive the freely offered

compliments of the vast audience. In the third act he created a perfect furore with his high C. (ut de poitrine.) M^{me} Ghioni, and Signors Marra and Coletti, also, were enthusiastically applauded, as were the principal actors to the end.

"The Italian opera is now fully established in our city for a season, the length of which though really limited to an engagement of two weeks, will probably be determined by its encouragement and support. There are in all very nearly a hundred persons connected with it, of whom seventy-five stand foremost in their profession. The new tenor is a marvel of excellence and favorably compared with the best in the world. The basso certainly has no superior, and the other voices are far sweeter than any we have for a long time heard.

"To-night will be given the always favorite opera, 'Ernani,' in which Susini will make his first appearance. He is in splendid voice, probably better than ever before, since his arrival in the healthy climate of New Orleans, which is more favorable for it than any climate in the world. Signor Irre will also make his second appearance to-night, and charm everybody, as he did last night.

"Before closing, we have a compliment for the audience last night. As became the occasion, every body came in appropriate dress. We mean not the dress of a wedding party, but such a dress as becomes an opera in New Orleans. We were glad, above all things, to see no hats, but only head dresses, with flowers or bonnets, which gave a peculiar elegance and charm to the large and fashionable assemblage. The St. Charles having become our fashionable theatre and opera house, all this is becoming; and certainly there is no theatre in the city that seats an audience better."

The *N. O. Picayune*, speaking of the prospect of the French Opera, after alluding to the loss of the company in the Evening Star, says the following cheering words to the musical circles of New Orleans:

"Mr. Paul Alhaiza has received, by the Atlantic cable, a telegraphic dispatch from his brother in Paris, informing him that he has engaged a new and excellent opera company, to arrive in New Orleans the first of January. This is really good news, and will give new impulse to the opera spirit now in the Crescent City. It would be curious enough, if, after all our misfortunes, we should succeed in making this the most successful opera season we have ever had. And yet there is every prospect of it. We have now with us the best Italian opera company of this country, and the announcement that we are, after all, to have the French opera later in the season, will fill our cup of music, joy and gladness full to the brim."

MUSIC IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—The Louisville *Daily Courier* gives the following account of the Philharmonic Society of that city:

The sixth rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society took place last night at the schoolhouse of Messrs. Knapp and Hailman, corner Second and Gray streets. It may safely be pronounced the most decided success of the season. There was a first-class orchestra in attendance, and every member exerted himself to do well his part. H. J. Peters, Esq., presided at the piano, and Mr. Boehning at the organ. The chorus filled nearly all the available room, so that many of the visitors were